

BENEKIE CREEK HIKE

September 20, 1925.

Fifteen Angoras piled into Smith's jolting demon at the early hour of 5:15 which is the same hour of the T.B.M. in far away New York, only they are going home. Leaving the city, we rode along on the few miles of paved road where we were greeted by the cold damp fog arising with the breaking of day, and it certainly sent unpleasant chills thru us all. The misery of the cold was soon forgotten when we came to the grade road where we were considerably warmed up by Smith's aforesaid demon, which gamboled none too lightly over the road. At 8:00 o'clock we arrived at our destination where we stretched our jolted selves, and soon were on our way along the trail to the tall timbers. As we hiked along we came to two beautiful meadows with green grass, cluster of trees, bushes and a few apple trees. The boys began to pick apples which they distributed amongst the fair hikers--this is just the reverse of the Adam and Eve story.

Upon leaving this meadow we came to another where recessed in a far corner was found evidence that the 18th Amendment had been broken as well as that these lawbreakers lived mainly on bread, having found four loaves, and a good supply of spuds. Willie Weis feeling sorry for these forsaken spuds which looked pretty healthy gathered them into a lard bucket and trudged along with them till dinner time. After resting and hesitating, and hesitating some more, (I suppose it was on account of the apples, the blackberries, and the what nots), we finally came to the beginning of the real timber. We hiked along on a splendid trail in a wonderland of trees which nature had abundantly scattered, it seemed, in proportionate distances in all directions. The ground was covered with interesting growths of all description which was proved on the way back. How some of the Angoras happened to notice the fungus growth on the trees is beyond me, when it seemed that everyone had their eyes and nose to ground looking for the unusual.

The conversation on the way was chiefly lead by Chatterbox Ramvick, who was ably assisted by Elna Niemi. After having hiked several hours, the Chief Guide began to see mirages which proved to be nothing but dry canyons, but we finally came to a ridge with a water-hole at the bottom. Here we stopped to make lunch. After having leisurely eaten our lunch, the topic of conversation turned to the subject of women with Willie Weis apparently leading by a fair margin in his answers. If Willie knows not and knows not that he knows not, the girls had ought to take him in hand and lead him aright.

Trailing on the road back, everyone began scanning and searching the ground for something interesting to decorate our County Fair booth with. The chairman of the county fair booth committee ought to take note that we were certainly on our toes and full of good intentions in trying to get decorations for the booth. Even some of the Angoras climbed trees like monkeys to bring down these decorations. John Berry and a few others were certainly in a rush, but I gathered they were trying to hurry back so as to attend evening services.

Reaching the truck, we prepared supper and were soon ready to go home (and by the way, Frances Wedekind is in sad need of a shepherd, as she seems to be always wandering from the flock.)

This trip did not have a usual high or main point of interest but regardless of this, it is not what one sees on any one hike, but it is what one sees on all the hikes put together which makes it worthwhile and interesting to go hiking with the Angoras.

The fifteen who answered the roll were:

1 John Berry	8 Elna Niemi
2 Axel Ramvick	9 Agnes Carlson
3 Vivian Jackson	10 Frances Wedekind
4 Arthur Rinnell	11 Erma Kenney
5 Esther Juntti	12 Albert Remmen
6 Willie Weis	13 Ami Lagus
7 Charles Johnson	14 Fannie Heikkila

15 Orson Stewart.

Trip historian

Albert Remmen